Grammar

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Grammar

by MarcelWorldsmith

Summary

"Your next project will be a group effort. This project," Dr. Chilton emphasized with a smirk, "counts a significant portion of your grade and, as such, you will be assigned your group mates."

The class groaned. After what felt like an age, Will heard his name. It nearly felt like relief until Will heard the names of the other two.

"Graham, Lecter and Lecter."

Oh shit. Oh fuck.

Notes

Please heed the tags: there is Lectercest in this, and Will is underage but fully consenting. Other than that, there will be talks of gender identity and the discovery thereof.

Please let me know if I've missed a tag. Enjoy!

Thesis statement

“Your next project-” Dr. Chilton began, the class barely listening, students daydreaming about things that happen outside of school.

“-will be a group effort.” That got most everyone's attention, earning a collective groan that even Will joined in on. “This project,” Dr. Chilton emphasized with a smirk, “counts a significant portion of your grade and, as such, you will be assigned your group mates.”

The class groaned, sighed and gasped, then resigned itself to its fate as names were read out, dividing the class into groups of three. Will sat in dreaded anticipation, heavy in his stomach, the further down the list Dr. Chilton went. For a brief moment, Will almost hoped to be paired with Alana, until two other student’s names were called where Will had wanted to be. After what felt like an age, Will heard his name. It nearly felt like relief until Will heard the names of the other two.

“Graham, Lecter and Lecter.”

Oh shit. Oh fuck.

It wasn’t that they were alpha, Will couldn’t care less. The twins part of it didn’t bother Will either. It was that they were *the* alpha twins, star pupils, unfairly attractive and exceedingly popular. Will knew several people who would give up their summer vacation to be in his position right now, but Will just wanted the earth to swallow him whole.

Right about now would be good, Will thought as the twins advanced on him where he sat at the back of the class, hiding behind his fringe. At least Will could tell them apart simply by style, Nigel showing a complete and utter disregard for the school dress code with his skew tie and messy hair where Hannibal seemed to take neatness as a challenge. Will fell somewhere in between, that comfortable grey area where everyone left him alone. Will’s uniform was camouflage, second hand and disguising him as a beta until one got close enough to smell he was simply an unpresented omega.

“The rest of today will be used to liaise with your groups,” Dr. Chilton said with a glint in his eye, “Use this time wisely. Tomorrow we carry on full steam.”

Chilton really was an evil bastard.

“Hello Will,” Hannibal said, handing over a sheet of paper with an effortlessly polite smile, “Would you like to see our topic?”

Will took the paper, frowning down at the words as the twins took their seats close to his desk. His eye was caught by the phrase “pheromone compatibility” and his eyebrows nearly shot off his face. He skimmed the rest, refusing to absorb the full detail of the assignment because it was ridiculous.

A truly evil bastard.

At least the project wasn't experimental.

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Will ignored his phone as it vibrated for the third time where it lay face down on Hannibal's bed spread. Will lay on his stomach at the foot of the bed next to it, his notes clasped in front of him. There were only two desks and they were both occupied by an alpha, though Nigel seemed barely to be using his. He'd taken off his tie and traded his grey school pants for a comfortable set of sweats. Hannibal seemed to have joined Will in wearing his school uniform for the remainder of the day, and Will couldn't decide if he hated it or not.

Will's phone buzzed again and he would have ignored it, but Hannibal cast it a glance from his desk. With a sigh, Will snatched up his phone, knowing exactly who's texts he's been ignoring.

(16:18) Kitty Katz: heeeeeey
(16:42) Kitty Katz: dont ignore me, graham. Ur never busy
(16:48) Kitty Katz: OH SHIT ur at their place!! U must be busy ;P
(16:49) Kitty Katz: Get it, will!

Will stifled another sigh, shifting to sit upright as he scowled at his phone. He smoothed his skirt over the tops of his thighs as he crossed his legs and braced his elbows on his knees.

(16:50) Graham Cracker: knock it off, we're trying to work

The reply came almost immediately.

(16:50) Kitty Katz: suure, "work"

After spending the entire afternoon in a room smelling overwhelmingly of two attractive alphas, Will had no patience for Beverly's bullshit. With a roll of his eyes, Will turned off his phone and threw it to the other end of the bed.

"A friend?" Hannibal asked.

"An annoyance," Will said, shifting to lie back down on his stomach.

"Concerned for your safety?" Hannibal said. Will opened his mouth to reply, but the alpha carried on, "It's a privilege, having someone look out for us, encouraging us on safer paths."

Will cleared his throat, "She's more likely to drag me down the dangerous route than anything else."

Hannibal gave Will an indulgent smile, and stood, gesturing to the empty glass at the foot of the bed, "Would you like some more water? And perhaps a snack?"

"Uh, sure."

"Excellent. Nigel, if you'd assist me," Hannibal said to his brother, who seemed to drag himself out of his chair. He said something, short and sharp, in another language.

“Don’t be rude, Nigel.”

Nigel huffed, scuffing his socks across the floor as they both left, the door partially closed behind them. Not that it mattered, they were home alone, a fact that Will was trying very hard not to think about. But he was thinking about it.

“Ugh,” Will said, dropping his head to hand between his shoulders to shake his head at the situation he found himself in.

And to think, there will be several afternoons like this thanks to the size of the project, and Nigel who seemed to be doing the bare minimum despite his brother’s haranguing. Will huffed a laugh and slid over the bed to his phone where it landed on Hannibal’s pillow. The movement caused a plume of Hannibal’s scent to rise from the fabric and Will froze for a second, eyes dipping as he inhaled. Fuck.

Will buried his face beside his phone, the soft pillow nearly reeking of alpha. Will whined silently, then abruptly stopped nuzzling the pillow. Hannibal is going to scent Will here.

Will slowly lifted his head in mortification and paused. He sniffed. Most of the scent rising from the pillow was Hannibal. Most, but not all. There, tucked under the pillow near the corner of the room was a faded white streak on the sheets. And it smelled like Nigel.

The difference between them was subtle, but undeniable now that Will was in a position to take in their scents fully. Nigel’s scent was slightly more smokey, a bit heavier compared to his brother but they were both full-bodied and irresistibly alpha. Not to mention the saltiness of the source of the scent.

Will couldn’t deny what he knew the white streak was, but its presence could be explained by any number of scenarios, ranging from whatever alphas did to piss each other off to sibling rivalry to the situation that Will steadfastly refused to think about. His attempt was thwarted by another white streak, peeking out from under the covers. Will flipped the corner of the duvet over without thinking and scented the sheets. That one was Hannibal.

Will smiled despite himself. He folded the covers back, leaning on Hannibal’s pillow as he reached for his phone. He’d stay in this position till the twins got back as a ruse to explain away Will’s scent in that area of the bed. Until Hannibal turned down his bed later that evening.

Satisfied with how his plan should unfold, but unable to explain why he’d plotted it, Will turned his phone back on and sent Beverly another message.

(17:07) Graham Cracker: dont be jealous, bev. Its not pretty

Will turned his phone off, not affording Beverly time to respond, and bit his bottom lip to keep from grinning.

The project wasn’t experimental, no, but Will could improvise.

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Hannibal considered the day a success. They had a good outline for their project and, more importantly, the twins had managed to make Will Graham comfortable in their presence. It was a collective effort from the two of them, running smoothly with the help of the clear non-verbal communication that came from knowing another for your entire life.

Speaking of, Hannibal glanced at his brother to find Nigel watching him in turn. They were both in their sleepwear, standing at their bedsides. Nigel's eyes flicked to Hannibal's pillow, both remembering how Will had practically been lounging there earlier. Pretending not to be smug about having an omega's scent on his pillow, Hannibal turned down his duvet and slid beneath it. Nigel remained standing, eyes tracking his brother.

Hannibal flipped his covers over himself, a sharp remark regarding Nigel's voyeurism cut off as the scent hit him. The scent, *Will's* scent, from the *inside* of his covers. Hannibal froze, his lips parting.

"Hannibal?" Nigel asked, turning to his brother as he watched him mimic stone. Hannibal ignored him, coming alive just as quickly as he'd frozen. He flipped his duvet open again and started sniffing the inside edge. Nigel took a step towards him when Hannibal froze again, his nose tucked to the one side of the duvet. Nigel watched him slowly turn his head to the sheets below and go still like an animal scenting blood.

"Nigel," he started, voice low in that way that made Nigel's hair stand on end, "Did you change the sheets this morning, like I asked you to?"

Well, there was no point in lying when he'd clearly been caught, "No."

Hannibal sighed, dropping his forehead to his pillow, "Will most definitely scented this, brother."

Nigel shrugged, and in an instant his brother was in his face, teeth bared. Nigel didn't bare his teeth in return, instead he tilted his head to the side with a sly grin, a mockery and a temptation rolled into one. He knew exactly how to play his brother to get what he wanted, and Hannibal was so easy to play when he was angry.

"And yet, he seemed more content after discovering our little secret than the entire afternoon before that," Nigel teased, watching the gears turn behind Hannibal's eyes. He saw the moment they stopped and his brother's gaze turned deliciously dark.

"Go lock the door, little brother," Hannibal whispered, and it sent shivers up Nigel's spine as he moved to obey. He knew he would be paying dearly for his negligence.

Hannibal watched him with a predator's eyes as he softly turned the key, the mechanism sliding smoothly. It was all precautionary, their aunt and uncle always knocked.

The first time they'd done this, Nigel had pestered Hannibal incessantly, never outright stating what he wanted but whispering suggestions at every opportunity, and even running his hands over a few choice curves when they were alone, about what he wanted to do to his brother. Hannibal had taken a long time to crack, but when he had, he'd fallen right into Nigel's plan of getting himself absolutely railed by his brother.

They'd shared each other many times since then, and Nigel learned that he liked it best when he could get his brother in the mood to leave bruises. And tonight was no exception, Hannibal grabbing Nigel by the neck as soon as he was within reach and manhandling him until his face was in Hannibal's pillow, his ass in the air.

"Take a deep breath, brother," Hannibal growled and Nigel gasped just as much from the swift repositioning as from the need overtaking him.

Hannibal watched as his brother took his first lungful of that sweet omega scent and smirked. He bent down over Nigel, knees between his where they were on the bed to nuzzle at the short hair at his nape. His brother's scent, surrounded by Will's, was threatening to drive him out of his mind and he bit down on the shoulder of Nigel's shirt with a growl. Nigel pressed his ass back against Hannibal's trapped cock, earning a shove into the bed by his neck.

"Hannibal, please."

Hannibal paused with his nose tucked in between his brother's neck and shoulder, breathing hard. Then he launched himself at the bedside table to fish for the lube. He released Nigel's neck only to grip his hip, turning him onto his back.

"Begging already?" Hannibal asked, somewhat breathlessly. They usually went slower than this, but Nigel was far gone in his arousal and Hannibal wasn't far behind, both driven forward by Will's maddening scent around them.

Nigel whined beneath him, high and sweet but not like they both knew Will would and it only served to make them more heated. Hannibal tugged at the waistband of Nigel's bottoms, revealing his ruddy cock, sticky at the tip.

The sight made Hannibal groan, tugging down his own pants so he could slot both their cocks together. He got some lube into his hand, both too impatient for more than this, and circled both their lengths in his fist.

They didn't last long like that, slick with lube where they rubbed against one another, heads enveloped by the smell of omega. Hannibal tightened his fist around both their bases as their knots started swelling. Nigel turned his head as far as it could go into the pillow and Hannibal shoved his nose into it on the other side as they both started coming.

Sticky and sated, Hannibal braced himself on his elbows and gazed down at his brother's flushed face. For the first time since this started, they had sought their release with the scent of someone else. They both dreaded the arrival of the day their brother found solace in another and drifted away, but this, this was different.

Hannibal brought his hand up to his mouth, licking away the taste of both of them and maintaining eye contact with his brother. Nigel sighed softly and smiled at him, both their minds coming to the same conclusion.

Will would be theirs.

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Will collapsed against the shower wall, the water washing away the evidence for what had just transpired but not fast enough for Will to be able to deny that he just came so hard he saw stars from the thought of the Lecter twins touching each other. Possibly more than touching. Fuck, it made him ache, his cock twitching in tandem with more slick running down the inside of his thighs.

Will groaned, dragging a hand over his face. He wanted to deny how much he was affected, but given that this was the wettest he'd ever gotten, that argument didn't have a foot to stand on. Will thought about what it would be like after he's presented, had his first heat, and groaned again.

It took some time, but when his knees could hold his weight again, Will set to work wetting his hair, desperately trying not to think of what Hannibal's hair would feel like between his fingers. He could explain the long shower away with the need to wash his thick curls if his dad asked.

If all went to plan, he'd find out what the alphas' hair would feel like soon enough.

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Hypothesis

Chapter Summary

It was time to introduce new variables in this experiment: command and obedience.

“This okay, sweetheart?” Nigel murmured.

Will tilted his head till his mouth was at Nigel’s ear and said, “No. Finish your work, then I’ll let you touch me.”

Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the kudos and comments! I'm posting this earlier than I planned because you're all great. Unfortunately updates are in all likelihood going to be sporadic. Enjoy!

The second time Will found himself at the twins’ house, he switched to occupying Nigel’s bed for the duration of the afternoon. No one dared do anything beyond the project and the day passed in a stalemate. The third time went much the same, with Will switching back to Hannibal’s bed. By that time Beverly had come to the bargaining stage of Will’s refusal to share any details.

“We study, Bev! Literally, all we do is that stupid project,” Will exclaimed, and it was true, they’d made significant progress on the project, but nothing else. Will hadn’t had the opportunity to sniff for telling stains or to scent mark anything again and it was driving him insane. He’d never jerked off so much in his life.

“Are you sure?” Bev waggled her eyebrows, and Will’s sigh morphed into an exasperated groan.

“Beverly.”

“Oh, fine. I’ll stop,” she winked, “for today.”

A day without being badgered about fantasies Will fervently wished were true. He’d take it. Especially as it coincided with another visit to the Lecter household.

“Hey,” Beverly said, turning Will gently by the arm to look at her, “You know you can always call me, or text me, you know? Don’t let them make you do anything you’re

uncomfortable with."

Will smiled, "Thanks, Bev. And I'm not doing anything I don't want to do."

"Oh yeah, I forgot, you're the most stubborn person I know."

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Despite Hannibal's suggestion otherwise, Will didn't bring anything to change into, staying in his school uniform all afternoon with the exception of removing his tie. Hannibal instead took his own advice, exchanging the mostly grey and white uniform for dark slacks and an even darker button up shirt. Today's shirt was maroon, making Will think of blood.

"Do you ever relax, brother?" Nigel asked from where he was sitting backwards on his chair, wearing his school shirt and sweatpants.

"Not when there is work to be done," Hannibal quipped, barely stopping in his movements to set up his workspace.

Nigel said something in that same sharp language Will had heard him speak before, usually short and fond-sounding phrases reserved solely to annoy his brother.

"Nigel," Hannibal warned. Hannibal found it rude, but honestly, Will didn't mind. They could speak to each other in that language all afternoon for all he cared.

"Fine," Nigel said, waving a hand at his brother. Will watched the whole ordeal with his smile hidden safely behind his notes and the afternoon progressed more or less productively. Less on Nigel's side, more on Will and Hannibal's, to the point where they were both waiting for Nigel to finish his part so they could continue.

"I'm almost done," Nigel said, preempting the prompting he knew to be coming from his brother.

"In that case, I will refill our glasses," Hannibal announced, "Water, Will? Or would you like something else?"

"Uh, no, no, water's good," Will said, ducking behind his notes in an attempt to not get hit in the face by the charming smile Hannibal sent his way. It didn't work.

In the span of time Hannibal was away, Nigel kept scowling at his laptop.

"Never relaxes," he muttered under his breath as he typed a short sentence, "I'm just as clever as him, you know? We get nearly the same marks. But he's constantly studying."

Will shrugged, "The studying just makes it easier, so you don't make that face during tests."

Nigel gave him a blank look that morphed into a sly smile after a moment, and Will felt his heart rate pick up. "Oh yeah, you're up there too. Do you study as much as Hannibal does?" he asked, moving to sit backwards on his chair again and face Will.

“Not as much. I probably should.”

“Let me tell you a secret, it’s not worth it.”

“And how would you know?” Hannibal said from the door. Nigel whipped his head around so fast Will thought he might get whiplash.

“You scared me,” Nigel sounded genuinely surprised.

“Nigel, I’d like to get this project done before exams start,” Hannibal said airily, placing a glass of water on Nigel’s desk and completely ignoring his outburst.

Nigel said something foreign again, but Will could recognize a swear word in any language based on tone alone. Before Hannibal could respond, Will laughed.

“I’m sorry, you two bicker like an old couple,” Will said. The twins shared a look, then carried on like it never happened. Will had seen that look before, when they needed to calibrate how the other was feeling, communicating silently. Will could hazard a guess as to what the look was about, but swiftly locked those thoughts in a closet lest he start blushing.

Hannibal brought Will a new glass of water, setting it on Nigel’s bedside table at the same time as Will dropped his pencil. He leant over the edge of the bed to pick it up, instead grasping Hannibal’s hand just as it closed over Will’s pencil, and suddenly Hannibal was close enough to scent.

Will’s lips parted on an inhale. Being this close to one source his fantasy fuel was testing the limits of his self control, but he wouldn’t be the desperate omega while Hannibal kept his composure.

But Hannibal wasn’t keeping his composure, Will realized, eyes roaming over the alpha’s face. His pupils were dilated, eyes fixed on Will’s mouth just as Will got snared on his exposed canines through his parted lips. Their eyes flickered between meeting and staring at each other’s mouths a few times before Hannibal moved forward hesitantly, watching Will like he might bolt at any second.

They closed their eyes when their lips met, once, twice, a soft and warm press. Hannibal made to pull away, but Will clasped both palms to his cheeks and drew him in for another kiss, completely out of his depth but knowing he wanted more. They stuck to soft and chaste slides until Will nudged at the seam of Hannibal’s lips with the tip of his tongue. The alpha’s mouth gave way with a small sound of pleasure that got lost between them.

Hannibal guided Will upright on the bed with a hand on the side of his neck, swiping his tongue over the edge of Will’s teeth before breaking the kiss, and suddenly Nigel was there. With near synchrony, he bent down as Will tilted his head up, and then they were kissing too.

Nigel wasn’t as hesitant as his brother, diving into Will’s mouth almost immediately and earning a sharp nip to his tongue for his trouble. Will was almost afraid he'd misstepped by using his teeth, but judging by the way Nigel fisted his hair, it was the right thing to do. Nigel gripped Will’s chin using his other hand, holding his head in place so he could suck on Will’s

tongue. He slid onto the bed with a knee the same time Hannibal did, forcing Will to lean back. Hannibal fixed his lips on the tendon running down Will's neck, a warm hand coming to envelop the opposite side of Will's neck, and together he and Nigel gently lay Will on his back.

Nigel released Will's lips just long enough for him to gulp air before Hannibal was kissing him again. Their hands moved across his neck, tangled in his hair, brushed over his cheeks to the point where he couldn't keep track. Oh god, they were going to kill him. His heart was beating so fast it was going to explode, and all Will wanted was more.

Will moaned into Hannibal's mouth, Nigel nuzzling at his hairline until his brother released Will and he could kiss the omega again, and coax his own sweet sounds out of Will's throat.

The alphas were lines of heat bracketing Will in and he slid a hand up both their necks into their hair, tugging at the smooth strands with every spark of pleasure jumping across his skin. The twins made turns plundering Will's mouth, never giving him enough time to catch his breath before another kiss came to steal it. Their touch, their taste, being enveloped in their scent made Will more than a little dizzy, sending frissons of sensation up his nerves to lodge at the base of his spine. Will was leaking slick and pretty sure they could smell it.

Will didn't know who he was kissing right when both alpha's slid a broad palm down his chest, scraping over his nipples nearly in tandem and earning a gasp from the omega they were torturing. Will vaguely heard breathy chuckles from where they both tucked their noses into his hair as their hands moved lower, leaving twin trails of heat over Will's stomach as he squirmed.

"Relax, Will," one of them said.

"We have you," came from the other.

"Oh, god," was all Will got out as their hands deviated almost symmetrically to avoid Will's cock, heading down over his thighs. They moved as mirror images, shifting so their questing hands could find the hem of Will's skirt and at the same time skim their lips down his neck.

Hands turned under his skirt and started tracing the soft skin of his inner thighs when Will heard something downstairs, and froze.

"Will?" Hannibal asked. The noise came again.

"Ah," Nigel said, extricating himself from the tangle of limbs the three of them had become with reluctance, "They're home early."

Hannibal huffed a laugh, moving his hand to Will's stomach and resting his forehead on his collar bone for a moment.

"Who's here?" Will asked out of breath, barely coherent, his mind still focused on the burning need between his thighs.

"Our aunt and uncle," Hannibal said, peering at him, "Would you like to meet them?"

Will bit his bottom lip, “Sure,” his voice small. Hannibal leaned over to press his lips to Will’s gently.

“They will like you, I promise.”

Will fervently hoped they did. Especially now that he absolutely reeked of Lecter.

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“You did what?” Beverly nearly yelled, earning looks from a few students around them.

“Keep it down, will you?” Will hissed.

“You had dinner with-”

“Ugh, if you keep interrupting, I won’t tell you anything else.”

Beverly squeezed her lips together as they took their customary lunchtime seats far away from anyone else. Will kept his eyes down, trampling the urge to search for Hannibal and Nigel in the midst of the thicker crowd a few benches away. Since this started, they’d been cordial to each other in and between classes, but the twins seemed content to follow Will’s lead and pretend their relationship wasn’t more...personal.

“Yeah, I had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Lecter, Nigel and Hannibal’s aunt and uncle, not their parents.”

“Where are their parents?”

“I dunno. And no,” Will said, pointing at Beverly’s face until she shut her mouth, “I’m not asking.”

“You do realize what this means, though, right? It’s equivalent to introducing you to their parents, and it only took, what, four dates?”

“They’re not dates, Beverly, god.” Will dropped his face in his hands before smoothing them over his jaw, his mind snagging on the sensation and threatening to drag him back to Nigel's bed.

“Yeah, okay,” Bev said in that tone that actually meant *keep lying to yourself, buddy*. “Wait, how come you’ve been over there so many times before and only got to see the adults now?”

Will shoveled a large portion of his lunch into his mouth to avoid answering immediately, speaking only when his cheeks weren’t bulging, “They get home after I leave I guess. Nigel said something about them being home early this time.”

Beverly gaped, “So you’ve been alone, with two incredibly hot studs, for several entire afternoons, and all you did was work?”

“Yeah?” Will said between bites and immediately felt bad for lying to his only friend.

“I don’t believe you.”

Will only raised a brow.

“You’re misdirecting. You do that a lot when you want to lead me away from something, giving me extra detail in the wrong corner, but I’m not taking the bait. Spill it, Graham.”

Will ducked his head again, cheeks flaming, “Well, Mr. and Mrs. Lecter’s arrival did...kinda...sorta...interrupt us.”

“Interrupt you?” Beverly asked slowly, leaning forward over the table, “What were you doing?”

Will mumbled something at the table.

“I can’t hear y-”

“We were making out okay?” Will said, throwing his hands in the air. Beverly immediately squealed. “Katz, shut up, will you?”

“Wait, when you say ‘we’, do you mean all three of you?”

At Will’s mortified nodding, Beverly squealed again. Will just slapped a hand over his eyes, shaking his head.

***

Will nearly combusted in the car, but being in a confined space with the two alphas for the time it took to reach their house gave Will the opportunity to work through his lust-filled haze and focus on the problem at hand: it was nearly spring break, and Will didn’t want to get stuck with this project during a time when he shouldn’t be thinking of school.

If only Nigel could get his ass in gear and do his part.

So Will formulated a plan and when the three of them got into the twins’ room, Will loosened his stance, appearing open but not meek, looking Nigel in the eye as he approached. Will had him pegged as the more impatient of the two, the more demanding, and was glad to be proven right. Hannibal was the kind to sit back and wait for his plan to unfold, the desperate ones to come to him. Well, Will wasn’t that desperate yet and he wouldn’t give in to Nigel’s demands either.

It was time to introduce new variables in this experiment: command and obedience.

Nigel was confident though, sliding his arms around Will’s waist and pulling him flush so he could bend down and tuck his nose behind Will’s ear, no doubt scenting him. It nearly broke Will’s resolve, but he braced himself on Nigel’s forearms, tilting his head slightly up and away to give Nigel access to what he was about to yank away.

“This okay, sweetheart?” Nigel murmured.

Will tilted his head till his mouth was at Nigel's ear and said, "No."

Nigel pulled back with a frown, looking down at Will in the circle of his arms. Will blinked up at him, nearly a head shorter, looking far too composed for someone who'd just stated that *it wasn't okay, sweetheart.*

Will started speaking sweetly, his tone morphing into something that brooked no argument towards the end, "We're waiting for your part, Nigel. Have been waiting all week, in fact, and I'd prefer to finish this damn project before my vacation."

Nigel's frown deepened.

"You wouldn't want me to work on my birthday, would you?"

"...no"

"Then get to work."

"Will," Nigel started in that tone Will had heard him use specifically to flirt with.

Will slid his hands up Nigel's arms and over his shoulders to grip his hair, tugging him gently down to Will's level. Will moved as if to kiss him, stopping a hair's breadth away from his lips, "I'm not some cheerleader about to throw my ass at anyone who gives me a moment's attention," Will released him and stepped back, Nigel letting his arms slide from his waist, "Finish your work, then I'll let you touch me."

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Literature review

Chapter Summary

> “Patience, brother,” Hannibal said from behind Will, fingers spread wide and warm over Will’s hips.
>
> “Fuck your patience-*oh*,” Will hissed, raking claws over Nigel’s sides as the alpha bit at a nipple through his shirt.

Chapter Notes

> Sorry I'm late, I got fixated on international nuclear accidents and then I had a test. Enjoy these three being horny!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal watched his brother being manhandled with amusement and no small amount of arousal. There was something to be said for seeing your identical twin being touched by a creature such as Will.

Will turned briskly away from where he’d left Nigel stunned, moving to settle on Hannibal’s bed with his book bag. The last time he’d seen Nigel so surprised, Hannibal himself had put the expression there, turning on his teasing brother and giving him exactly what he’d been goading Hannibal for.

Nigel stood paralyzed for a moment longer, then sat down at his desk, muttering under his breath. He didn’t even bother glancing at his brother; they both knew Hannibal wouldn’t help him out of the hole he’d dug himself into.

Hannibal followed Will with a smirk, pausing to bend down at his brother’s ear and speaking in low Lithuanian, “Don’t worry, we won’t get too carried away without you.”

Hannibal knew exactly what look was being directed at his back as he walked to his bed, loosening his tie. He didn't turn back to acknowledge Nigel's venom, it was less than his brother deserved for upsetting their omega. *Their* . Hannibal didn't know when he'd started thinking of Will this way, but it didn't surprise him. Will is theirs, he just doesn't know it yet.

Will was sitting loosely cross-legged in the middle of the bed, barefoot, book spread out over his lap and pencil hanging loosely from his lips. Hannibal dumped his folded tie on his bedside table and slid onto the bed behind Will, bracketing the omega between his knees. He lay back against the pillows, undoing the top button of his shirt and, after a moment, Will slowly leaned back, the most natural movement in the world. Hannibal only moved once Will settled against him, sliding an arm around Will's slim waist and tugging him closer. With his other hand, he brushed Will's long braid over his shoulder and smoothed his palm over the side of his neck, encouraging Will to drop his head back. Will did so with a soft sigh, but Hannibal could still feel some tension in the way Will held himself just slightly too stiff, the compulsive swallows under Hannibal's fingertips at his throat.

Hannibal tucked his nose at the crook of Will's jaw at the same time he slid his fingertips down over the omega's front to wrap his arm around his waist, pulling the omega tighter against him. He nuzzled the soft skin beneath Will's ear, obviously scenting. Will shivered lightly in his grip, relaxing against his chest in increments. Will smelled absolutely divine, sharper than other omegas he's scented, something in the rising heat beneath his skin calling him ever closer but at the same time cautioning him; an instinctual trepidation telling him not to approach the omega lightly.

It was nearly the same instinct as that when approaching an alpha opponent, only this made him want to fall to his knees and receive Will's judgement, whatever it was, even outright rejection. It made him focus all his attention on Will, if he ever showed discomfort in how Hannibal touched him.

Across the room, Nigel stabbed petulantly at his keyboard.

Hannibal felt the moment Will came out of his stupor and caught sight of Nigel, his body not going stiff exactly, but a predator's stillness coming over him. A very familiar stillness. Will removed the pencil hanging from his mouth, "Are we bothering you?" he asked, voice gratingly neutral. Hannibal could only imagine the look Will was leveling at his brother, having seen Will use it on a fellow classmate before, to devastating effect. He was sure Will was unaware, as he'd looked away before he could see his classmate fold in on themselves.

Nigel glanced at them, every intention in leveling another dirty look at them when he met Will’s eyes. He swallowed audibly, cowed in a way Hannibal rarely managed to achieve in his brother.

Will kept eye contact with Nigel for a few moments longer, then dropped his gaze on a nod. Nigel, for his part, turned back to his work quietly, all petulance bled out of him through the slash of Will’s eyes.

Hannibal pressed his nose closer to Will’s skin, breathing deep. Will half heartedly shied away from the contact with a breathy laugh and murmured, “That tickles.”

Hannibal hummed and did it again. Will reached back over his shoulder to grip the hair at the back of Hannibal’s head, and tugged. Harshly. Hannibal couldn’t help the reflexive parting of his lips, nor the breathy sigh that flowed out past them as Will’s grip sent a series of chills down his spine.

“Behave,” Will said, tugging Hannibal’s hair again for emphasis before going back to reading the book in his lap.

“Yes, Will,” Hannibal said, almost not recognizing his voice for how low it rumbled.

Will snuggled back into his chest, grinding against his erection in painfully delicious friction as he settled himself. There was no way Will could have missed it, but Hannibal contented himself with what Will allowed him to have; holding Will close and breathing in his scent.

Hannibal drifted in sweet agony, his head rested on Will's shoulder as he intermittently scribbled short notes on the pages in his lap. He periodically tightened his arms around the omega, pulling him closer and nuzzling into his neck. Will answered by pressing further back into Hannibal and baring his throat to scent.

Nigel wasn't oblivious to what was going on behind him, and it only served to make him work faster than Hannibal had ever seen.

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Well, that could have gone worse than it did. A lot worse, Will sighed as he lay back into Hannibal's chest, letting the alpha pull him closer by the waist. Will knew there were perils in standing up to an alpha, but he had teeth of his own, and he would have bared them at Nigel if he had to.

Still, his heart had raced. Hannibal nuzzling at his throat, holding him fast but not trapping him made the storm in his mind and chest calm and it was only then that Will realized his heart had beat faster in *anticipation* . Antagonizing Nigel had been *fun* .

Pulling Hannibal in place by his hair had been even more so. God, Will hoped the alpha couldn't smell just how wet this whole thing made him. Or maybe he did. It was getting harder and harder to think straight with his erection straining under his geography book in his lap.

Will pressed himself against Hannibal's hard cock (that he was the cause of, fuck), and tried desperately to make his mind drift in the space between concentration and arousal that teenagers perpetually dealt with, but found it difficult now that there weren't twenty other bodies in the same room to muddy the scent pool. The expanse of muscle at his back, skin separated by two thin layers of cotton, was distracting. The strong arms around him, periodically pulling him closer, were even more so.

Nigel needed to hurry the fuck up.

Will half-heartedly jotted down notes in the margins of his book, eventually managing some decent work when he wasn't imagining Hannibal's hard shaft inside his own brother. Or inside him. He didn't know which he wanted more. For now, he shifted along with Hannibal as the alpha liberally covered Will in his scent.

And covered himself in Will's. The thought was enough to make Will strain in the confines of his underwear. He barely kept from moaning.

“Will?” Hannibal whispered, and the omega nearly cursed. Of course he couldn’t hide his reactions, Hannibal was right behind him.

Fuck it, Will thought, planting his feet square on the bed spread. His book slid to the floor along with his pencil and he shoved, grinding back, gripping the alphas arms around his middle.

Hannibal responded beautifully, crushing Will to himself with a soft growl. Will’s fingers turned to claws on Hannibal’s skin, and the alpha growled again, a deep rumbling Will felt at his back.

Another rumble started at the other end of the room, followed by a string of words Will knew contained several expletives.

Will couldn’t do this anymore. He bared his teeth on a hiss, “Get over here.”

Nigel moved fast, out of his chair and onto the bed in a blink, but Will moved faster, catching the alpha by his hair. Nigel started up a growl in response and Will found himself answering, unbidden, a sound he’d never heard from his own chest. It wasn’t as deep as the twins’ growl, but it had a very interesting effect: both alphas shuddered, going momentarily lax. Will watched Nigel’s eyelids droop, his mouth fall open, and Will’s blood rushed in his skull.

“I want that thing before the weekend,” Will ground out.

Nigel said something, possibly affirmative, but it was slurred.

“Nigel,” Will warned, tightening his fist in the alpha’s smooth hair.

“Yes, Will.” Oh, shit. Hannibal had said those exact words in nearly the same worshipful tone less than an hour previously, and upon hearing them, Will yanked Nigel’s face close to crush their lips together.

Nigel pressed forward, bracing himself over Will as he forced his tongue into Will's mouth, shoving both his brother and Will on top of him back into the pillows. Hannibal ran his teeth down the line of Will's neck and Will bit down, nipping Nigel neatly and earning a bright taste of copper for himself. Nigel returned the nip to Will's lip, then moved over the other side of the omega's neck, leaving wet open-mouthed kisses in his wake. Will ran his hands over any part of Nigel he could reach, down his shoulders and over his chest.

Hannibal slid a hand away from Will's middle to tilt his head towards himself, kissing Will with less of a ravenous passion than his brother, rather a low smoldering fire, drawing small breathy sounds from Will every time he gave him space to breathe.

Will shivered in their embrace as Nigel tugged at the fleshy part of his ear with his teeth, moving slowly over Will's jawline to claim his lips again. Hannibal relinquished his hold on Will's mouth, biting at the omega's other ear, down to the back of his neck. Will shivered again as the alpha's teeth grazed the vulnerable spot at the top of his spine, imagining Hannibal opening his jaw wide, crushing skin and muscle and bone between his fangs to wrestle Will into submission.

The thought should have scared him, but it only served to raise gooseflesh over his skin. More slick eased it's way between Will's legs and he arched up against Nigel with a moan, sliding his hands down the rippling muscles of Nigel's back.

Nigel made a frustrated noise, a hand coming up to undo Will's shirt buttons.

"Patience, brother," Hannibal said from behind Will, fingers spread wide and warm over Will's hips.

"Fuck your patience- *oh* ," Will hissed, raking claws over Nigel's sides as the alpha bit at a nipple through his shirt.

Hannibal growled something behind Will, too low for him to make out even if it was in English, and reached around to take over unbuttoning from Nigel. He flipped Will's shirt open, letting his hands roam over exposed skin.

“ *Ah* ,” Will said eloquently, reaching back again to twist fingers in Hannibal’s hair. He writhed against the alpha behind him, Hannibal’s hands and Nigel’s mouth ensuring his nipples were never left alone. Nigel laved at his skin with his tongue, then bit down on one nub, “Fuck, Nigel.”

Wherever they touched, Will burned and the heat spread out under his skin to the very edges of his perception. He was panting, sweating, *leaking* between them and then suddenly, everything shifted to the side.

Hannibal gripped Will and turned them both so that when Nigel sank to his knees on the floor, he was still between Will’s thighs. Hannibal’s legs came between his as well, spreading them wider so his brother could settle his shoulders between them. A part of Will’s mind wondered at the flawlessness with which the twins moved, dancing around and with each other, expertly handling Will between them.

It conjured up all kinds of scenarios in which Will was *handled* by them, scenarios which swiftly fled Will’s mind as Nigel tugged his underwear down and off from underneath his skirt, cool air hitting Will’s flushed cock and wet hole.

Nigel dove under Will’s skirt with a growl at the same time as Hannibal sighed ”Oh Will.” He knew they could both smell him, his wanton need, and it only made him harder.

Will arched, back rigid as Nigel’s fingers played over the delicate skin on the inside of his thighs and suddenly wet heat enveloped his cock. Will choked on air, Nigel’s tongue drawing patterns along his shaft. Will was barely coherent, sure he’d died from pleasure when he felt a hand sneak under his ass to his hole, and a finger pressed inside.

Will’s hands turned to claws in Hannibal’s hair and his breath left him with a wounded noise. He ground back onto Hannibal’s hand, then forward into Nigel’s mouth, chasing sensation and the small, wet cut off chokes from the alpha between his thighs. Hannibal snuck another finger into him, slipping in so easily with the help of Will’s slick, his other hand forming bruises on Will’s hip. Will had a second to feel embarrassed about the mess and then those fingers bent just so and Will slammed his head back on a drawn-out whine.

He writhed there, suspended between hands and teeth. Hannibal kissed him, claiming, with teeth and tongue and the taste of blood between them. He could feel Hannibal's cock as a hard line at his back, and suddenly he couldn't bear the separation of clothes between them.

"Fuck, Hannibal, take it out," he said, and Hannibal gripped his hip harder, breathing harshly through his nose, "I want to feel you."

With a bitten off curse, Hannibal pried his hand off the omega to undo his fly. He tugged his clothes down as much as he could, baring himself with a hiss. He pushed Will's shirt up his back, his cock sliding against the sweaty skin just above his ass, adding to the moisture there with the stickiness at his tip.

"Oh, yes," Will said, rubbing against Hannibal mercilessly as he chased his own pleasure. Hannibal's palm between the omega's legs was soaked, his wrist aching from being crushed beneath Will and yet he didn't stop the curling motion of his fingers.

Will could only imagine what Hannibal would feel like inside him, how his knot would stretch and fill him. His thoughts were derailed by Nigel taking a deep breath through his nose and pressing his mouth down over Will until his lips met at the base of Will's cock. Will arched forward, curled over Nigel, teeth bared and suddenly he was coming, mind fogged out except for the sensation of clamping up around Hannibal's fingers, drawing electricity up into his spine to spill down Nigel's throat.

Will came back to himself in increments, the feeling of Nigel slowly sucking down and off of his cock drawing him into oversensitivity and making him intimately aware of himself. The inside of his thighs were wet, as was his lower back. Will could smell musk in the air and knew it wasn't his own since Nigel never let it see the light of day. Will put two and two together, turning his upper body sharply to look at Hannibal, catching him in the act of licking his fingers clean. Fingers, Will knew, that were covered in his own slick.

Will expected to feel embarrassed, but the alpha looked so sickeningly satisfied with himself, an expression mirrored by his brother where he'd emerged from beneath Will's skirt, Will couldn't even muster up the guilt at his own selfishness. He hadn't helped either along to their own pleasures, but they seemed to have found it in him regardless.

Will reached down to pull Nigel up onto the bed, watching as he tucked his own softening cock back into his trousers. His own gave a valiant twitch, but he was too thoroughly sated to get it up again so soon.

Clothes tugged more or less into the right places, the trio curled around each other on the single mattress, Will cocooned away from the world between his two alphas.

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Will clicked to close the document on the so-near-it-might-as-well-be-complete project. The due date wasn't for ages yet, but he'd think about it again after spring break. For now, he had two days of school left to trudge through, but even that seemed like too much. He felt like a little kid about to throw a tantrum. He tried shaking the feeling, going to the bathroom to brush his teeth before bed.

He stopped when he saw himself in the mirror above the sink. His cheeks were flushed like he'd been running, or like he'd blushed when he'd gotten home from the twins' house and rushed up the stairs to shower before his dad caught him smelling of alpha, but that wasn't the worst part.

Will stared hard into his own eyes, and they reflected silver irises back at him, wide and shining with disbelief. He looked at himself for a long time before calling out, "Dad?"

"Yeah?" came the gruff reply from downstairs. Will bit his lip, giving himself a final once-over where he stood in a ratty tee and shorts and his too-bright eyes, mustering his courage.

He crept around the corner to the living room, "Dad?" he said again, softer this time, more unsure.

His dad looked up from the television, nearly doing a double-take as he saw Will, "Ah."

Yeah, Will thought, at least he wouldn't have to go to school tomorrow.

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Chapter End Notes

Reminder to subscribe to the series for updates!

I also have a tumblr, should you want to reblog the chapters there.

Listen, this all started as an excuse to write school uniform smut, specifically skirts.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!